LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1. "BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET." NO. 27.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM,

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EATON W. MAXCY,

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Maxcy—

SIR—Encouraged by the many proofs of courtesy to our sex, which you have exhibited on many occasions, I am tempted to pen a few lines for your insertion. I have read, with considerable interest, a communication inserted in your paper, and also the very flattering introduction, purporting to be written by a female, who, (if opposed to that numerous and respectable part of this community, denominated Old Bachelors and Old Maids,) was very happy in her selection. I am very willing to admit, that what was there stated *might* have been true, for it is possible; but then to compare it with every wedded couple, you would find that ninety-nine times out a hundred, it would come far short of any thing like a fair comparison. I am also willing to admit, that marriage, in many cases, is the most natural, innocent and useful state, if it can be formed to advantage. It then bids fairest for that little portion of happiness which this life admits; and it is in some degree a duty, which we owe the world. How defenceless is a *single* woman! She cannot move beyond the precincts of her own house, without apprehension. She cannot go with ease or safety into public. As she goes down the hill of life, her friends gradually drop away from her like leaves in autumn, and leave her a piming solitary creature.

Yet, "they that enter into a state of marriage, (says an old English writer,) cast a die of the greatest contingency—the greatest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity." Life or death, felicity or lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage.—Yet a woman ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire from a cruel husband. No! she must weep at home, and brood over her own sorrow. She may, indeed, complain to God, but in the causes of unkindness, she has no other appeal. It is, therefore, necessary, that each and every one should summon to their aid, all that reading, observation, and advice of parents and friends, and their short-lived experience have power to bestow. They should pause before they tie that gordian knot which death alone can unloose—before they decide on a measure of such incalculable importance.

If a beau comes to a serious declaration in favor of a female, she should affect no prudish airs of reserve. If she really feels an affection for him, and can indulge it with prudence, she should not scruple to acknowledge it, or treat him with the greatest openness and candor. This will engage favor, the esteem of every liberal and honest man. If she cannot receive him as a lover, she will not fail to retain him as a friend. No female should suffer her imagination to be dazzled by mere splendor. The glitter of wealth and equipage has induced many a poor girl to sacrifice her peace at the shrine of vanity; and her nightly pillow, steeped in tears and regret, has soon told her that "better is a dinner of herbs where *love* is, than a stalled ox, and *hatred* therewith." A good man alone is capable of true attachment, fidelity and affection. Others may feel a fugitive passion; but on this, alas! no dependence can be placed. Look for a person of *domestic* cast; of what consequence to a wife are even the good qualities of her hasband, if he be rarely ever at home? It has often been asserted, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.—It may be so, but I would not advise any female, be her circumstances in life what they may, to risk her peace on so dangerous an experiment.

But, Mr. Editor, the writer of this communication, (who has scores of reasions for rejoicing that she is an Old Maid,) having read in your paper every thing in favor of marriage that was possible for human ingenuity to suggest, much more than you would find to be true, if you could read the language of every heart, she thinks it is no more than fair that you should give the other side a hearing, although it should be equally destitute of truth, that your readers may be enabled to hear both sides, and then—get married—or live alone—as they choose:

"The world has stamped a stigma upon old maids. Like the Jews of old, they are held in derision. They are a by-word, and have become the mockery of mankind. By common consent, fair game for every foul mouth, of every pert, and every print.

Let us institute an enquiry. What high honors are consigned to the married ladies of the age? To be titled Mrs. ———. To be set at the head of a table. To take an airing in a carriage a mile, once a month. To tie the bow of a ribbon on the right side, instead of the left. To be head of the nursery department. To sue for clothing, furniture and pin money, to a mighty master, who claims title to their person, and uses or abuses their property at pleasure. These are great acquisitions of *honor*, ever to be had in remembrance.

Let us enquire what happiness there is in the condition of a married woman. To be lorded over by a lofty toned master, and sometimes a monster—to hear that her dress is not tasty—that her apartments are in disorder—breakfast is too early, or too late—not well served up—the dinner is raw, or too much roasted—the pastry is horrible—the desert illy chosen, and badly flavored—the beverage too hot or too cold, too strong or too weak—the servants are not eyed with care, nor ordered with discretion—and the children bawl like bedlamites. These make up a part of the delights of the day. But she has others. The house is to be kept in order. To effect this, she commences sweeping, scrubbing, scouring and washing. The eating preparation is as everlasting as life. Brewing, baking, boiling, frying, stewing, potting, pickling, preserving, stalk along. As clothing is in perpetual decay, this induces making, mending, ekeing, patching, piecing, knitting and darning—beside other instructions and cares, necessary to be bestowed on a family; and the attentions, and the civilities, which custom and good breeding require, in receiving company. After all this discipline of the day, she is often kept awake with midnight curtain lectures; and now and then the beautiful music of a nursery, by way of refreshment. It is lamented that full justice is not done to this piece, for it is thought a very pretty portrait might be drawn of the *paradise* of a married woman, by a more able hand. In the mean time, and it is not uncommon, her mighty lord and master is in the sports of the field, or in those of the water; or at the gaming table; or on a more criminal errand, to the frail sisters of the bee-hive.

The profits of a married life are quite equivalent to its honors. For S—— S——— embezzled $30,000 of his wife's patrimony in a single year. Mr. M——— spent $9000 a year, beggared his family, and ended his career by giving up to his creditors. G——— G——— spent his fortune at cards; died broken-hearted; and his wife had the consolation to billet his children on her friends, and then look out for a livelihood. D—— D———, after turning day into night, and night into day, for two years, died in a duel, and left the wide world as a legacy to his family. Such privileges and profits are incalculable, and stand as promising and powerful incentives to a married state.

The married, as they had a right to do, have made their choice. I, an old maid, have, as I had a right to do, made mine. They may take their honor, with its trial of privileged nothings; their happiness, with its suffering, servitude and subjection; their profit of delusive aspect, which ends in want, in widowhood, in dependence the most abject. They have bartered their bucket which held water, far a basket which holds none." H. B. M.

A FRAGMENT.

———I saw a fair and beautiful hand place a garland of fresh and fragrant flowers upon her brow—she who received it was fairer and lovelier still than they; her dark liquid blue eyes were beaming forth the expression of her happiness; her smile was radi-

ant as the light of heaven, and her whole figure expressed the gay and buoyant feeling of her soul—she wore a single white rose in her hair, and I knew she was a bride!

He, the gallant and proud De Rance, stood gazing upon her with the high rapture of a happy lover: the past, the future, all seemed forgotten in that moment of exquisite happiness and of proud triumph; she was his, all his; her beauty, her confidence, her tenderness, her genius, her virtues, all were his, and he felt it would be bliss enough for him to devote his whole life to her.

I do not know of any thing more delightful than to witness the full and joyous expression of conscious happiness; that pure unclouded ray of light which seems to emanate from the soul, and which is beamed glowingly and tenderly upon the object of one's affection; like the rainbow on the clouds, it seems to steal the promise of future happiness; and yet it does not last; and as I looked upon that brilliant creature, animated and inspired, as she appeared, with the enchanting sentiments which filled her young and happy heart, I said to myself, "that garland will fade, and so will that smile." As she turned away, a flower dropped from her bridal wreath; I placed it in my bosom, and passed on.

The beautiful vision I had seen saddened me; it was the *reality* of happiness, and yet it appeared to me like a passing shadow: I mused on the transitoriness of human enjoyment; I thought, the young, the gay, and the beautiful, are crowned with garlands of flowers; they bind them around their brows, and think that happiness shall last forever; but it is not so, for the loveliest and happiest weep, and tears are mingled often, even with their brightest joys: the loveliest and the happiest die; and that which gives the bitterest sting to death, is, they are forgotten, even by those whose light, whose joy, whose heaven they were.

Those who received the homage of society; who were objects of unbounded admirations; those whose beauty kindled the glow of love and worship in a thousand hearts; and those, whose genius seemed the very inspiration of heaven, pass away, and are forgotten, as though they had never been.

I know not if the most splendid genius, the most elegant and powerful talents, the most divine beauty, neither the most impassioned and devoted affection, can insure to us the recollection of those who survive us; and if there is a thought full of bitterness, which has power to humble the pride of the loftiest mind, and which subdues and saddens the tender and confiding heart, it is that. It is true, that the most universal homage paid to our memories, the most splendid monuments, and the most public demonstrations of sorrow and regret, could not affect our feelings in the world of spirits; but it is a sweet and consoling thought, that our names, and our virtues, and our talents, and the efforts of our genius, and, above all, that our devotion and tenderness will be held in grateful remembrance by those we have loved with unchanging fidelity; but it is not always the heart that cherished us the most kindly, which loved us with enthusiasm, with religious devotion, and preserves the remembrance of us the most inviolably; time heals the deepest wounds death ever made; new impressions and new attachments fill up the void in the most desolate heart; love's brightest, and fairest, and more brilliant image, fades like evening tint away, when the veil of death shadows it, and there is enough of sadness and melancholy regret in the thought, that love alone cannot transmit to posterity the names of those it worshipped; but it is the echoes of fame, and not the soft and silver tones of love, that must perpetuate the name that would live immortal, even amidst the perishing and transitory things of this world.

————It was just two years from the day on which I saw the beautiful Cora crowned with the bridal wreath, in the freshness and splendor of her beauty, in the full consciousness of unalloyed happiness, and in the possession of the impassioned and tender affections of a generous and confiding heart; surrounded by all that was delightful and valuable in life; the idol of all who knew her; filled with health, and hope, and love——it was just two years from that day I saw her laid in the dark and silent tomb! ——De Rance was weeping over it; desolate and passionately he wept over the lonely flower his love had cherished, and all nature seemed to mourn with him; the dry and withered leaves of autumn lay scattered around him; the flowers were all faded, and every thing appeared to respond mournfully to the deep and melancholy feelings of his own heart.

The softer shadows of twilight had rendered every object almost indistinct; but I saw him still kneeling and weeping over the tomb of his beloved and beautiful Cora.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

A poor Frenchman, named Lanfranc, was, some time since, convicted at the New-York sessions, of a petty offence, not involving the convict in much disgrace. A fine would have been his punishment, but his total inability to pay one, appearing to the court, he was sentenced to the Penitentiary. A friend intereceded for him, and he was pardoned, on condition, (a condition of his own proposing,) of quitting the State. He left his prison, and immediately complied with the condition of his enlargement. It was nearly night, when he landed in Jersey, with but two cents in his pocket. It being too late to seek employment, he made up his mind to walk the streets for the night. As he was slowly parading about, a jolly tar, just returned from a New-York frolick, clapped him on the shoulder, and asked him where he lived; Lanfranc confessed he had no home: the sailor immediately invited him to partake of a can of grog, and a bed at his boarding-house, hard by.—The Gaul, delighted, accepted the offer. They entered the house, the can was produced, its contents soon disappeared, and with them, not a little of the Frenchman's intellect. A light was given him, and the way to his bed-room shown.

Just now a noise was heard in the street, Lanfranc ran out to see what was the matter: it was a fight between a couple of those sons of Belial, whose nocturnal revels so often disturbed the repose of their more quiet neighbors. Seeing there was no cause of alarm, Lanfranc returned to his house, as he thought, but entered, by mistake, a large three-story house, belonging to a wealthy neighbor. The can of grog had, however, so dismantled his faculties, that he could not bring his eyes to bear, with steadiness, on any object. He entered the house, marched up to the third story, and threw himself, dressed, as he was, upon the bed, and fell asleep. He had lain about an hour, when the young lady, to whom the room belonged, entered; she shrieked aloud, on beholding a man in her bed. The Frank sprung up, and supposing that he had made a mistake, hastened to retire from the lady's chamber. The windows of the room came down to the floor, and led out to a balcony; the Frank, mistaking one of these for a door, passed through it, fell over the rail of the balcony, and was precipitated a distance of five and twenty feet. He alighted on the top of a covered country waggon; here he did not rest long, the momentum was too great to be resisted by a sacking covering, the roof gave way, and our hero was laid prostrate over the body of the driver, who lay asleep in the vehicle, guarding its freight; the sleeper arose in an instant, and with the butt end of his whip, prepared to chastise the intruder. Seeing this warlike preparation, Lanfranc grasped a small box, with which he designed to knock down his opponent; at this instant, rose from the straw, a second assailant, of a most fearful size and figure; terrified beyond measure, by this reinforcement of his adversary, Lanfranc fled, making his way through the fore part of the waggon; and forgetting, in his fright, to lay down the weapon which he had seized to defend himself, reached the street, and ran at full speed. "Stop thief!" was the cry; Lanfranc was taken, with the box in his possession; on examination it was found to contain more than one hundred dollars worth of jewelry. The prisoner was in due time tried, convicted of a grand larceny, and brought up for judgment, and the last stern demand of merciless justice rang in his ears: "Prisoner, have you aught to say why sentence should not be pronounced on you, according to law?" The poor man essayed to speak, but his tongue failed him, he knew he was innocent, but who would believe his extraordinary story? He saw his dreadful doom before him, in its most terrible colors.

He had a wife, in France, whom he loved; children, on whom he doated; he was a patriot, and he loved his country; he was a man, and he loved liberty—all these dear ties were to be sundered, his liberty was to be taken away, probably forever!

In vain might the partner of his bosom search every American ship, arriving at his native Marseilles, but no Pierre would meet her eye; his babes might cry for food, but the dark cell in which he must spend his days and nights, would not open at their cry, to let forth their father; and all this must he suffer, for, he knew not what; the events of that fatal day were but as a dream to him; he tried again to speak, but nature was exhausted by the intenseness of his reflections. The clerk made the demand a second time, but Lanfranc felt a cold chill come over him; with a convulsive effort, he exclaimed: "Oh, God, thy ways are mysterious. I've nought

to say, but that I'm innocent; God knows it; my wife! my dear babes! dear native France! sweet liberty! adieu—forever!" He clasped his hands, sunk back in the box, and fixing his feverish, glassy eyes on the judge, awaited his doom, with something like the cool madness of despair. A general sensation of pity ran through the court, and infected even the pride-shielded bosom of the judge. But ere the sentence could be pronounced, a half drunken sailor, pushing aside the constables, who in vain opposed his passage, made his way up to the bench, and, with a familiarity not a little disagreeable to the judge's ideas of his own importance, said, "Mr. Justice, I've fought for America, and a'nt going to be kept back by them loons; just tell us what the devil you've got against that there poor little fellow. I think I know him, and mayhap I can speak a good word for him." There was no resisting our tar, the judge was forced to relate the circumstance of his accusation. "Hoh, hoh, by the powers of mother Jenny's tin kettle, you'r out of your latitude, clean gone astray in your reckoning—the poor little creature is as innocent as your worship, and mayhap, as myself. I'll tell you the whole story—I've got it by heart, though I found it a tough job to make any handle of it, being that I never kept a log-book ashore."

Here Jack went on, and in his own style, related the matter, up to the time of Lanfranc's exit from the three-story window. This exactly tallied with the Frenchman's own tale, as communicated to the jailor, and his fellow-prisoners; the irregular aperture which he had made in his passage through the waggon roof, all concurred to prove him innocent. The Governor granted an immediate pardon; and poor Lanfranc, I suppose, is this day enjoying, at Marseilles, the liberty he was so near losing, and relating, occasionally, on winter nights, to his wondering audience of little ones, the adventure that had so nearly deprived them of a kind father.

CLERICAL JOKE.

A Clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was, not long since, at an inn, where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The Parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase; and the jockey, quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well, (replied the Parson,) if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" enquired the jockey. "In the *State Prison*," retorted the Clergyman.

AN IRISH BLUNDER.

An English gentleman being taken ill of the yellow fever, at Jamaica, a lady, who had married in that Island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician, that attended him, the propriety of making his will, in a country where people are so apt to die. The physician, thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, "Faith, madam, I wish you would tell me that country where people do *not die*, and I would go and *end my days there*."

POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

TO M*** H****.

Upon her asking—"What is Love?"

And canst thou, dearest, gravely ask
The meaning of the words "*to love?*"
How couldst thou teach, so oft, the task,
And yet its meaning never prove?

But since thou'st taught my breast to burn
With love's delightful misery,
It were but justice, in return,
That I should teach the same to thee.

But ah! my tongue would strive to tell,
In vain, the agony I feel;
For as the trembling accents fell,
Thy cheeks would check the tender tale.

Then in my breast thy blushes hide—
The brain the meaning ne'er can prove—
The heart will tell, and thou'll't not chide—
The heart alone can tell what's love.

J. H.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Maxcy—

If the following piece of Poetry does but give half the pleasure to your fair readers, that it has given to me, I think they will thank you for publishing it. In extracting for your readers this exquisitely fine picture of *The Peasant and his Wife* from a new work, lately published in New-York, entitled "*The Wife*," I am, perhaps, taking an unwarrantable liberty with the holder of the copy-right. It is, however, apprehended, that it may serve to aid, rather than circumscribe the circulation of the work; otherwise I should not have taken the freedom to copy from it, much as I am pleased to hold up so beautiful a model to our fair women. There are no individuals in the whole circle of society to whom the hardness of the times makes a more forcible appeal, than to the wives of our bosoms, the mothers of our children, our partners in difficulty and privations. It is to their fortitude and resignation, in a great degree, that the husband must look for consolation and support. Would that more of that sweet and lovely spirit of contentment, which, in a wife, breathes so great a charm around the connubial state, were to be found in all the walks of life; that spirit which makes every thing delightful, and every thing happy, and blossoms even sorrow itself into joy.

"*The treasures of the deep are not so precious*
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth;
The violet bed's not sweeter."

J. S.

THE PEASANT AND HIS WIFE.

He. The long, long day again has pass'd
In sorrow and distress:
I strive my best, but strive in vain;
I labor hard, but still remain
Poor, and in wretchedness.

She. Nay, we have health, you love your wife,
And she returns its flames;
Want still is absent from our cot,
God gives us breath to soothe our lot,
What more can you desire?

He. I wish'd to earn a little sum,
My dearest wife, for thee;
I wish'd, by toiling day and night,
To gain some wealth that might requite
Thy fond fidelity.

She. No wealth repays fidelity,
Nor gold nor monarch's crown;
My heart, which doth to thee incline,
Finds all its love repaid by thine,
And smiles at fortune's frown.

He. But ah! to see thee live in want,
It fills my soul with care,
That thou, so noble, just and good,
Must slave and toil, for daily food,
That drives me to despair.

She. I gaily work [God knows my heart]
Contented at your side:
More joys than wealth can give, I prove,
To share thy sorrows and thy love;
Thy faithful heart's my pride.

He. But who, when I am snatch'd from thee,
Will hush thy trembling sighs?
And when our babe shall, weeping, say,
"Oh! mother! give me bread, I pray!"
Who then will heed its cries?

She. God, whom the worm and sparrow shields,
Man, in his need, can aid;
He'll be my comforter, when thou art fled;
The orphan's sire will give him bread—
O! be his will obey'd.

He. Wife of my heart, how great thou art;
Thy love is all my weal;
I feel so proud of one like thee—
Thy *love* and thy *fidelity*
Inspire me with fresh zeal.

DEFINITIONS.

Woman, the Grecian sage defines,
Man's blessing or his curse;
So does the church—we take our wives
For better or for worse.

Mr. Maxcy—

Sir—The following extremely pathetic verses are copied from an English provincial Newspaper.—They possess much feeling and poetic beauty; and, as they have probably been copied into but few American publications, an admirer of your Miscellany will feel obliged by their insertion.

A. T. C.

—

THE HERO'S ORPHAN GIRLS.

Oh, lady, buy these budding flowers,
For I am cold, and wet, and weary;
I gather'd them, ere break of day,
When all was lonely, still and dreary;

And long have sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling,
For Valor's wretched orphan girls—
Poor me, and my young sister Ellen.

Ah! those who tread life's thornless way,
In Fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem that Misery wants not aid,
Because her lips are mute—unasking:

They pass along—and if they gaze,
'Tis with an eye all hope repelling;
Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawn'd,
And fortune smil'd on me and Ellen.

Oh, buy my flowers, they're fair and fresh
As mine and Morning's tears could keep them:
To-morrow's sun will view them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them.

Yet this sweet bud, if nurs'd with care,
Soon into fulness would be swelling;
And nurtur'd by some generous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen.

She sleeps within a hollow tree,
Her only home—its leaves her bedding;
And I've no food to carry there
To soothe the tears she will be shedding!

Oh! that those mourners' gushing griefs—
The Pastor's prayer—and bell's sad knelling—
And that deep grave—were meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen!

When we in silence are laid down
In life's last, fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will dew our humble grave,
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping.

Unknown we live—unknown must die—
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,
Of two young, broken-hearted girls—
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen!

No one has bought of me to day,
And night-winds now are sadly sighing;
And I, like these poor drooping flowers,
Unnotic'd and unwept, am dying!

My soul is struggling to be free—
It loaths in wretched, earthly dwelling—
My limbs refuse to bear their load—
Oh God! protect lone orphan Ellen!

A SIMILE.

Friendship is like the Cobbler's tie,
That joins two *soles* in unity;
But love is like the Cobbler's awl,
That pierces through the *sole* and all.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1826.

SMALL MATTERS.

Married, in Minot, Maine, Master Winslow Small, aged seventeen years, and weighing twenty pounds, to Miss Polly Small, aged twenty, and weighing fifty pounds.

LARGE MATTERS.

A Christmas Plum Cake was made at Richmond, Virginia, which weighed two hundred and forty-five pounds.

EXTRAORDINARY RENOVATIONS OF TEETH AND HAIR.

A correspondent of the Maine Gazette, states, that a few days since, while travelling through the town of Monmouth, in that state, he met with a woman of eighty-five years of age, who reads without glasses, and who has hair now growing on her head that has the appearance of infant's. This is the third time she has lost her hair, and had it grow out again in the same way. About three years since she had two new teeth, which she lost last year; and she now has several new teeth growing. She was born in Acton, Mass. and married a man named Jellerson; but has lived with a second husband, named Galusha, fifty-eight years. She, and her husband, aged eighty-three, have lived for seventeen years together, without any other help or family, in a house at some distance from any neighbor, and she states that she has made a cheese every other day since the fifteenth of June last.

☞ New subscribers for the Ladies Museum can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D———," "The Sailor's Farewell," "J. S." and one or two other favors, will be attended to in our next.

MARRIED,

In this town, on Thursday evening week, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. John Prospert, to Miss Abby Swan, all of this town.

On Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. James Jacobs, to Miss Caroline F. Dyer, daughter of Charles Dyer, Esq. all of this town.

In Taunton, Mr. Silvanus Thayer, to Miss Rebecca Crossman.—Mr. Leonard Baker to Miss Almira Haskins.

In Newport, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Gammell, Mr. William Howell, of this town, to Miss Harriet Oxx, daughter of the late Mr. William Oxx, formerly of Bristol.

DIED,

In this town, on Friday week, Granville, infant son of Mr. Granville Slack, aged 10 months.

On Wednesday last, Charlotte Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Ingraham, in her 11th year.

In Warwick, on Sunday morning last, John B. infant son of John Brown Francis, Esq.

In Pawtucket, 15th inst. Mr. Benjamin Harris, aged about 73 years.

In Glocester, suddenly, on Saturday morning last, Mrs. Nancy Steere, wife of Mr. Riley Steere, and daughter of Seth Hunt, Esq. of this town, in the 36th year of her age.

In Boston, on Monday last, Mr. James V. Babson, formerly of this town.

In Sheffield, Mass. Dec. 23d, Dr. N. Preston, Post-Master.

At sea, on his passage from Port au Prince, to Wilmington, Mr. John C. Potter, son of Mr. Joshua Potter, of this town, in his 21st year.—On board the same brig, Mr. William Westcott, of this town.

In Attleborough, on the 17th instant, Vespation E. H. only son of Mr. Vespation C. Cobb, aged 3 years and 6 months.

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OBITUARY.

[COMMUNICATED FOR THE MUSEUM.]

Died, in this town, on Thursday, the 19th instant, Mrs. Abby Rounds, wife of Mr. Richard Rounds, in the 46th year of her age.

This afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence has torn her from the bosom of a kind and affectionate husband. She lived beloved, and died lamented by all of her acquaintances—leaving eight children to lament their loss of a tender mother. In the death of this amiable woman, an afflicting vacuum is made in those circles which her piety and modest worth adorned; but it is good, when surviving friends may say, "*our loss is her gain*," and assuredly it may be so in in the present instance. Faithfully and affectionately discharging her duties in domestic life, and as a friend sincere, there was one thing more which crowned her wishes with sterling worth, even "*the one thing needful.*" She was a *Christian*, and as such, her light shone around. Vitally impressed with the sublime truths which taught her the need of a Saviour, she had looked to him as her chief good; and res'ed her hopes, not on any righteousness of her own, (for she knew she was in herself insufficient,) but on the imputed righteousness of a Redeeming God.

"Oh! happy friend, no more to roam,
A pilgrim, in this vale of tears;
Now thou hast gain'd thy long-sought home,
Beyond the wreck of earth-born cares.

Bursting its tenement of clay,
Thy soul has upward wing'd its flight,
To scenes of everlasting day,
Of endless glory and delight.

Around the glorious throne above,
Thou'st join'd the ransom'd hoast;
And tun'st thy notes of praise and love,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

J. S.